

The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1914.

THE REGIMEN.

He who hesitates to open a door that leads from a darkened room reassures himself with the thought that the gloom cannot be denser; he who takes his life stills his restive nerves for the desperate act with the hope that the life before him cannot be worse than that he is escaping.

According to the New York Tribune, on the body of a suicide found dead in a city park the other day, was a clipping from Macdonald's essay on Death, with this sentence underlined:

In any case, it seems fairly certain that we stand in this world the only narrow, grinding, obscure and sorrowful moments of our destiny.

It was this fancy that emboldened him to fire the shot that sent him into eternity; here is agony, torture of spirit and anguish of soul, here man's intellect is confined and his dreams yielded to the petty forms of life, while beyond—if life be not better, it cannot be worse.

How can a man so doubt the life God gives him? There come dark hours, but for these there are long, long days of peace—days when the joy of living pulses in the grateful veins of every man. Is there not home, with all its joys, in the solace of spirit and communion with God? Is there not the joy of battle, regardless of the outcome, when the nerves tingle and the heart beats up to contend? Is there not the peace that comes in mystic thought when a man may shut his eyes to the ugly things of life and breathe the air of another world? And is not the world filled with everything to make life worth the living—friends to be true, music to stir, great books to be read and brave deeds to be witnessed?

Surely, if life be but a balancing of accounts, there is joy enough to recompense for pain. For if Jerome Savonarola had to die at the stake, did he not in a moment pay for years of teaching in the garden of San Marco, years of meditation in his cell? And if Jeanne d'Arc perished in the flames of torture, had she not the recollection of those blessed days when the angels whispered their mandates, and she swept through the Valley of the Loire to save her King and country? Does joy ever fail to come on the morrow, when weeping endures for the night?

There is in life a sweetness which that New York suicide did not know, because, perhaps, he did not seek it. About him were beauties which pain could not distort and splendor which even poverty could not lessen. Within him was the kingdom of God if he had but known how to find it.

Just enough of pain to make present joy sweet and future hope a pleasing prospect, a full measure of happiness, broken only by passing sadnesses we may with discipline—this is the ordered regimen of life. It is not what the New York devotee of Macdonald thought; it is not what that other suicide thought on whose dead body we found these lines from Swinburne:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
From grief with brief thanksgiving
We thank you, God, for me.
No entry leaves nor we can
That dead men live no more;
That dead men live no more;
That even the earliest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight;
Nor entry leaves nor we can
That dead men live no more;
That dead men live no more;
That even the earliest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Maybe if they would offer William Allen White the governorship he would accept, if only to save the State from Driftwood or Murder.

A wife doesn't think her husband is the best man that ever lived if he is her second.

Roger Sullivan says he will run for the Senate as a "Jeffersonian-Jacksonian-Whitman-Democrat." Can anybody worse unscrupulous than that?

Our idea of a distinction about nothing is one about whether Mr. Elkins Root will be too old to be for the presidency in 1916.

Physician says too much underclothing causes cold noses, but the nose won't work in the summer time.

The election of Curly is a challenge to the churches, the schools and the leaders of public thinking to teach the high ideals of civic virtue in the young and to educate those of all ages in righteousness and good citizenship, that they may rise above the low things to which a voting majority has fallen—The Congregationalist.

All of which is very probably true, but it is a greater challenge to those so-called good citizens who do not take the trouble to vote.

Murphy may not be giving much time to politics just now, as he says, but politics seems to be giving some attention to him.

Those French aviators will spend of their time fighting duels they are in less danger of sudden death.

GOVERNOR MANN.

William Hodges Mann is Governor of Virginia no longer. Vacating by law the office he has held since 1910, he returns to-day to the practice of his profession and to the quiet pursuits of private life.

Our readers know that The Times-Dispatch did not favor the nomination of Governor Mann. We viewed with some misgivings the coming of the administration of which he was to be the head, and we did not anticipate great progress during his term of office. Following his career since the day he took the oath, and expressing frankly our opinion of his conduct when we thought a public statement necessary, we have felt called upon on occasion to criticize his actions.

But now that his administration belongs to history, and can be measured in its entirety, we are able to balance against his wise conduct the mistakes which he, like the rest of mankind, has made, and we are rejoiced that the balance is vastly in his favor. He came into office when the finances of the Commonwealth were embarrassed by a serious deficit, the existence of which was unknown to him; he leaves a handsome balance in the treasury. He found the agricultural interests of the State on the eve of a great and epochal transformation; he has given to their betterment untiring pains and unflinching care.

If the Governor of Virginia be measured by his attention to the routine of his office, William Hodges Mann has been faithful to duty, devoted to his tasks and painstaking in his labors. If he be measured by the extraordinary demands made upon him in those great crises that come to every man, he stands out for his firmness and his maintenance of law. The Allen case was the crowning test of his character. Upon him was brought to bear the strongest influence ever exerted on a Governor of Virginia to pardon guilty men. His personal friends and appointees joined with ministers of the gospel, lawyers and private citizens to plead clemency for men convicted of the most famous murder Virginia has known in a generation. Governor Mann did not shrink his duty or evade his responsibility. Arguing himself answerable to his Maker and his oath, he refused to yield. And from his action there came new faith in the enforcement of law, new honor for Virginia justice.

Governor Mann, as we have indicated, has devoted special attention to the rebuilding of Virginia's agriculture. Despite constitutional limitations which tie the hands of the Governor where the Commissioner of Agriculture does not co-operate with him, throughout Governor Mann's administration there has been a strong and sustained note of progress in this direction. How much his influence counted and his labor profited, the impetus which farming in Virginia has received during the past four years bears witness. When his place is assigned him in that long line of notable Virginians who have occupied the post of chief executive, we doubt not that he will be remembered as the Governor who did most to bring about Virginia's agricultural regeneration.

Upon other features of Governor Mann's administration we might dwell in praise with pleasure—upon his unflinching opposition to the excesses of political influence in those boards which deal with the health, the morals and the safety of the people, upon his willingness to sacrifice personal comfort in lengthy journeys to speak for worthy causes, upon the good taste he has shown when he visited other States as the representative of the sovereign people of Virginia. But upon his patient discharge of his duty, his stand for the maintenance of the law and his contribution to the agricultural awakening of Virginia, his fame will rest.

Governor Mann is now past the prime of life. He will not, we take it, again hold public office or aspire to new honors. In that retired ease which his labor has earned for him, we trust he will have the assurance of duty well performed, the consciousness that the people of Virginia will not forget his public services. For our part, The Times-Dispatch wishes him naught but happiness, plenty and lengthened years of peace.

BELL RUN PARK.

Having established national parks at Chickamauga and at Gettysburg, the next move is for the establishment of a similar park at Manassas. The first step toward accomplishing this purpose, directed by Union and Confederate veterans, was taken when the army board made a favorable report. Congress must now provide an appropriation.

The Virginia Senators and Congressmen, in whose district the proposed park will be, have promised help, and it is expected that not only will they be joined by the rest of the Virginia delegation, but that many Congressmen from South and North, East and West will lend aid to the movement.

The two great battles of Manassas, or Bull Run, furnished incidents which can be remembered with pride by Yankee and Southerner. It was there that the first great battle of the War between the States was fought, where Jackson won the title by which he has become better known than by his own name; where the Confederate forces won their first great victory, and where, at the second battle, the Union forces, by the courage and stubbornness, redeemed, though defeated, the disaster of the first year of the war.

Union and Confederate veterans have joined together to secure this national battlefield park at Manassas; Congressmen from the various sections should have no difficulty in following their example.

The trouble about most of these automobile repair kits is that no provision is made for the owner, who usually goes broke before they are used.

RESURRECTING THE JAPANESE BOGGY.

The resurrection of the "trouble-with-Japan bogy," which is always of freshly reinterred at Washington almost as soon as it is resurrected, is becoming monotonous. It would in some aspects be ridiculous if it did not afford the sensation-mongers food for speculation on matters diplomatic that are locked in the breast of the State Department; if it did not furnish to the nerves of the timorous. Not to mention numerous others, among the disinterments the sensationalists have made the most of have been the Magdalena Bay affair, which led to the passage of the Lodge resolution amplifying the Monroe Doctrine, the De la Barra mission to Japan, the sending of a Japanese cruiser to the west coast of Mexico, and the "criticism" of the United States for continued procrastination in settling the California land controversy, by Baron Makino, Japanese Foreign Minister.

Over the last-named incident various and sundry Washington wiseacre correspondents went "up in the air." Japan was seeking trouble with us, and a serious and delicate situation had been precipitated, we were told, a condition had developed, it was affirmed, that was related to and interlocked with other grave foreign complications. However, by a supplementary statement of Baron Makino, it was shown that in this, as in the previous instances, Japan had not the remotest idea of "seeking trouble" with us, and official assurance was given from Washington that our relations with Japan touching the California issue were entirely unrelated to any question between this government and any other outside power, Mexico included.

The truth is that in his initial explanation to the Japanese Parliament, Baron Makino was talking for home consumption, in order to placate the Japanese jingo and keep his party in power; in order to forestall a possible ministerial overturn. The truth, again, is that the situation as regards the California land matter is not, and never has been, serious or threatening; armed conflict between the two nations, delicate it is, and has been from the beginning for both sides, we are free to admit. And difficult it is and has been of adjustment. Moreover, its delicacy, and the difficulties involved cannot but be appreciated no less by the Japanese than by our own government. And why?

Because, when all is said and done, the grievance of Japan is not against California, not against Congress, not against the administration, not against the Department of State—it is against the Federal Constitution. Japan's demands run counter to the doctrine of the rights of the States touching tenure of land in their territory by foreigners—a doctrine which has been affirmed time and time again by the United States Supreme Court. A settlement or any future treaty we may make with Japan must have reference as to how far we may go in conceding those demands within the limits of the treaty-making power conferred upon the general government by the States. In cases similar in principle to that of California, the court has allowed the States, under their reserved rights and their police powers, the widest latitude in the regulation of their internal affairs, especially such as affect the safety and general welfare of the people of the States.

In the light of these facts, and all other considerations apart, such as Japan's total unpreparedness for war, financially and otherwise, it is only giving the statement of Japan credit for ordinary sagacity and common sense to assume that they will possess their souls in patience until a peaceful way out is found to save the nation's face. And we doubt not that already Japan regrets in her heart her precipitancy. We question not that if she had known before as much as she now knows of the delicacy and the difficulties of the issue she has raised she would never have raised it, notwithstanding the bungling, not to say the insolent provocation, California gave her.

GOD'S "AFTERWARD."

[Selected for The Times-Dispatch.]
"Nevertheless, afterward."—Hebrews, xii. 11.

Sometimes when you have been reading an exciting work of fiction, and the strain has become too intense, you have turned to the last chapter and read that, and that has calmed you. Do this now. Think for a little while of the last chapter—God's "afterward."

If you will open your Bible to the passage from which this text is taken, and read from the sixth verse through the thirteenth, it will help you to grasp the thread of your life's story. And now we need to remember that he who can know its full plot and meaning until we shall have read the whole through to the very end. Often we grow impatient, like impulsive children, who cannot wait for the climax, and we cry: "Let him make speed and hasten his work that we may see it." But the Lord will not be hurried. It is his purpose, as a rule, to unfold his plans gradually, that thus we may be taught patience; sometimes "through tribulation." However, as in our text, he occasionally gives us brief glimpses, sufficient to assure us that all is moving towards a happy end, that every life, like some master picture, is hand-painted. It is not the work of any great soulless machine, however much it may sometimes seem to be.

God's "afterward," it throws light upon your life, its mystery and its history. Suppose the story of the Canaanite woman had been cut in two. Suppose it had closed at the point where Jesus replied to her cry for help: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to the dogs." How it would have puzzled us that an infinitely good Being could have answered her like that! And the reason it does not puzzle us now is

because we are able to read through to the end of her story, and understand it in the light of its closing miracle of help. But in the plot of His dealings with you, you are only half-way through the volume.

"Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Wait for God's "afterward." It is so difficult for us to realize that "all things" are working together for good. We are not willing that they should "work together"; we expect them to work in only one way, and that our way. Thus, even our seeming failures He can use to our development. Botanists tell us that the fruits on the trees are simply arrested growths. If their progress had not become in some way stunted, they would have grown into new twigs and branches, and then the tree itself would have been fruitless. There is not one of us who has been seeking through past years to live a Christian life who cannot remember instances in our own experience where "all things" were working together in this way for our good. We did not believe it at the time, but it will help us now to look back; for to-day itself is one of God's "afterwards."

Sometimes the great "afterward" does not dawn until the new world opens beyond the clouds, but it will surely dawn then. There never is a cloud so black but it carries with it somewhere a hidden brightness, hidden only because we are not yet on the other side. Be not afraid. He is guiding you, though you cannot yet comprehend how nor where. They are grand words which Browning puts into the mouth of Paracelsus:

"I go to prove my soul.
I see my way, as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive. What time, what circuit
I ask not.
But unless God shall send His hail or
blustering fire-balls, sleet or
stinging snow,
In some time—His good time—I shall
arrive.
He guides me and the bird in His good
time."

The Rappahannock Rhapsodist

Valedictory—William Hodges Mann.
When your four years of rule we
sean,
The fact that wins our first applause,
Is this, that underneath the laws,
We have been governed by a Man.

A man whom clamor could not bend,
Nor thoughtless passion put in
fringe;
Who did what conscience said was
right
In spite of whom it might offend.

A man in deed, as well as name,
You governed sitting in the sun,
Quite heedless of the applause you
won,
And quite as heedless of the blame.

You held the Old Dominion's pride
A thing above all compromise,
You looked each question in the
eyes,
And never swerved or turned aside.

A plain, straightforward man and true,
No trumpets blew around your deeds,
But something in our memory heeds,
And, Governor, we'll remember you.

Good-luck and health through all life's
span,
Our words of praise are poor and
weak,
But our hearts in what we speak,
Good-bye, God bless you, Governor
Mann.
THOMAS LOMAN HUNTER,
King George, Va.

He Healed the Bird With the Broken
Wing.
I dreamed that I passed thro' the woods
one day
And a stranger saw, who paused on
his way
And gazed at his feet;
When, wondering much what this could
mean,
I nearer drew to the puzzling scene
For a view complete.

I saw a bird with a broken wing,
Too lame to fly, too sad to sing
As it lay around;
And it to the stranger seemed to say,
"Will you not pity a bird to-day
And heal its wound?"

The man bent down and bird caressed
And placed it gently on his breast
"And went his way."
He bore it home and with a string
He gently bandaged the broken wing.
My dream did say.

He gave it food and drink each day
Till his wing was healed and it flew
away.
With joyous song
To sweet companions it left before
In their forest home. My dream was
true.

But not for long.
For I dream'd again—dreamed that I
stood
At heaven's gate and the selfsame
bird
I had bandaged thro'
Came back to me; and, stranger yet,
I saw the man whom I had met,
"Full in my view."

As he drew near to heaven's gate,
I heard a voice, and it cried, "Await!
You have done well, but further than
For without this you can pass
Within this gate." And the man, alas!
Thought down below.

Then came a voice in question's tone,
"What good on earth have you ever
done?"
Have you pity shown to any one,
Or soothed a pang?
"Yes," I answered, "And of record sing,
"He healed the bird with the broken
wing."

With sweet refrain as he entered in
The Holy City that knows no sin,
I woke and knew
What meaning from my dreamings
spring:
That deeds of kindness always bring
Heaven near to you.

CASCADE, VA.
DUVAL PORTER.

A Singer of the Foothills.
A tired pilgrim from a world of un-
rest,
Seeking peace and wide skies and
fresh
Found her heart's desire in a forest-
crowned nest,
Dropped down where the foothills
lift steadfast faces.

In her rustic retreat, vine-hung and
wild,
With her books and her dreams and
a new content—
Hark! the drowsy, lushed moonlight
awakes to greet
A lilting old song with the lilting
brook's bleat.

And day after day round her blossom-
bright bow
Harmonious nature's vast orchestra
rang:
Far down by the tangle of bush, vine
and dew,
Where birds, brook and breezes and
a woman sang.

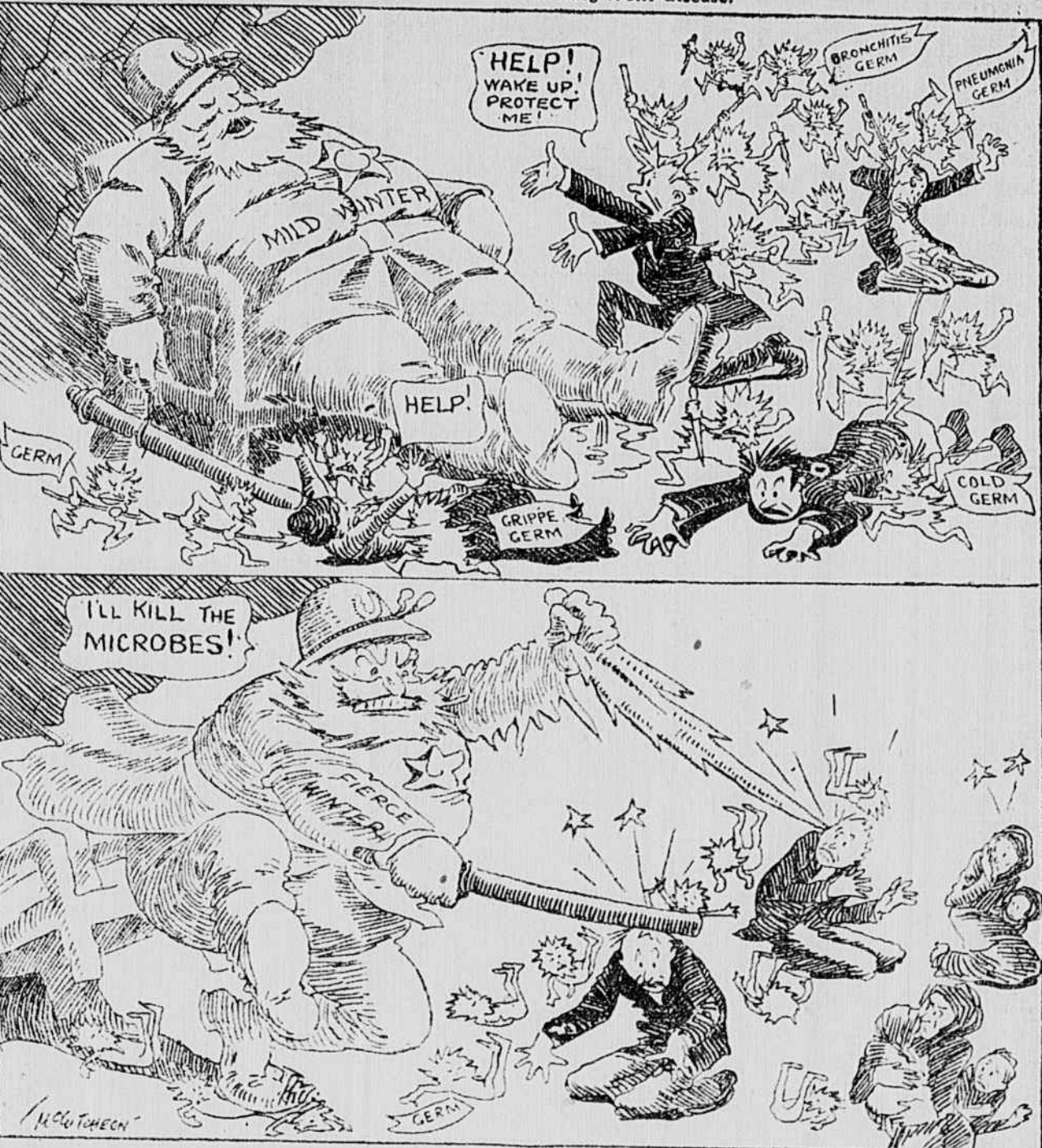
The comely young mother of four
sturdy tots,
She is merry of heart and giv'n to
singing!

NOT MUCH CHOICE.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1914, By John T. McCutcheon.)

A mild winter breeds suffering from disease.



A hard winter breeds suffering from the cold.

Her bit of a home, one of many rude
cots,
To the sun-showered, storm-swept
foothills clinging.
Poor and unlettered—and thrifless,
Too, say we,
Naught to her small world of simple
needs brings.
Save a quaint old song—a sweet old
"Good-bye Song," maybe—
Out of a heaven-blessed heart of
song springing.

Bare of comforts her cot, yet content,
she tocks
In a rickety chair her baby to
rest.
The swift hours crowding hard on
her work, she mocks
At the discomforts and cheerily sings
her best.

Come sunshine or tempest, come blue
skies or gray,
She's seen trudging off to the old
deep-down springs.
A steep and a winding, long and weary
way,
And heavy her buckets, yet clear her
song rings.

Her good man at work, she drags wood
from the hills,
So rugged and steep on a man's
strength to try;
Undaunted, her shining old Glen-Allure
trails.

With melody! Hark! "In the Sweet
By and By."
High of spirit, proud, her face bright
as now day,
None have heard complaint, though
her labor were sore;
With her head held aloft she goes on
her way,
Just along her heart clean of envy
and care.

'Tis a day of endeavor: brave souls are
worn
With the great world's work, the
world's hidden wrongs,
Mighty deeds are done; thoughts that
move a world born;
Rare and priceless "pearls" cast be-
fore cheering throngs.

The world is awake to her sorrows and
wails;
Eager, hasting to obey the divine
commands,
Her God-given "talents with usury"
trails.

To lay in the great Master's long
stretched-out hands,
Of God-given "talents" our mountain
singer
Knows naught; neither vexes her
soul with world strife,
Yet far need of praise one is moved
to bring her—

A true-hearted neighbor and mother
and wife,
A brave soul and blithe, and though
rough be her way,
With the birds and the winds, with
the leaping hills
That down mountain clefts, over stony
paths play—
She sings to the heavens and the
answering hills!

Bestowing His gifts in most wonderful
wise;
God's children have each in His
bounty a part;
But when of His Grace He awards a
rare prize
He sets the fair jewel of song in a
heart.

S. D. H.
Ode to the Platitudes.
Tis with a sense of deepest gratitude,
O Platitude,
That I have set me down with pen in
hand,
And do these few lines have planned,
In dulcet rhymes your excellence to
sing.

You are the real Thing!
You are the King
In the wide Realm of Mediocrity.
'Tis given you to be
The Golden Mean.

You rule the great domain that lies
between
Opposing poles of Wisdom and Ignorance,
Of Naked Truth and Sheer Absurdity,
Of Drivel and Pure Wit—
Without your Jolly
Assistance many books had ne'er been
writ.

Nor could our Great Orations have been
made,
You render the first aid
To Injured Love,
And do its pains remove.
In brief,
You are our very language of belief
in things mundane.
You joy in our gain
And soothe us in our grief.

Voice of the People

"Dr. Elliot's New Religion."
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—In your issue of Sunday, Jan-
uary 18, appeared a letter under the
above caption. A reading of this let-
ter forces one to believe one of three
things: (1) The writer had not seen a
copy of Dr. Elliot's address; or (2) he
had seen it, but had failed to under-
stand it; or (3) he had seen it, he did
understand it, but purposely misrep-
resented its statements. The third con-
clusion reflects upon his moral in-
tegrity; therefore I reject it. The
second reflects upon his mental power,
likewise I reject it. I am therefore
left to believe that your correspondent
has committed an error, which so
many of us fall into, viz., that of talk-
ing about something of which we
know nothing, or as Mark Twain said,
"of which we know so much that ain't
so."

The point which your correspondent
made, or supposed he made, against
Dr. Elliot's address is that it denies
God's personality, and instead substi-
tutes an impersonal force. He says:
"There is general reverence for the
recognition of Jehovah rather than
the recognition of divine immanence,
in nature," and he further on asks,
"which days of storm and tempest
expressed by God when he said, 'I
shrine of light, electricity, energy?'
Now, I do not propose to take up the
question as to whether the idea of
"Jehovah," the tribal god of the
ancient Hebrews, is as high a conception
as that of divine immanence, as ex-
pressed by Paul when he said, "In
Him we live and move and have our
being." I simply wish to quote from
Dr. Elliot's address in order to show
that your correspondent owes your
readers an apology.

On page 15 of the pamphlet
form of Dr. Elliot's address, published
by the American Unitarian Association
for the distribution, appear these
words: "The sense of personality,
belief in personality, is an inherent
part of our nature, which always has
and always will be intense and ir-
resistible. Therefore, so long as man is
man, God will be thought of as a
person, and will have a name signifi-
cant above all other names. Taking
into consideration all the new demon-
strations of science with regard to the
attributes of God, no name so well de-
scribes Him as our Father among all
those peoples who conceive of a father
as the loving head of a family."
S. C. WEATHERLY,
Highland Springs, Va.

The Spoils System.
Postmaster-General Burleson is cred-
ited with the announcement that, in
naming the fourth extension, he
following the examinations which he
has recently instituted to fill the 10,000
offices of that grade, he will give the
office in each case to the applicant
who makes the highest grade in the
examination, and should not have been
appointed by Congressmen who do not
own the offices, but who will be per-
mitted to use them as if they did, and
to give them to their friends and sup-
porters, instead of giving them to
the men who would best serve the gov-
ernment, and who are shown by ex-
aminations to be best qualified to
serve it.

Postmaster-General Burleson seems
to be a genuine civil service reformer,
as no weakening of the requirements
has been made at his suggestion, or
with his connivance.—Staunton Leader.

Purge the Rolls.
Let us purge the roll of the dead
men and require a general new regis-
tration of those registered since the
years 1902 and 1903, but further than
this we may not go. The organic law
intervenes with his "veto"—Staunton
Leader.

A Busy Delegate.
Hon. N. E. Spensard, of New Castle,
who represents this district in the
House of Delegates, did not land the
chairmanship of the Finance Committee,
but he was made chairman of the Com-
mittee on General Laws, equally as im-
portant, and was made a member of
both the Finance and Appropriations
Committees, in addition to being on
other minor committees. Our repre-
sentative finds that he has his hands
full in attending the committee meet-
ings and the sessions of the House,
but he is measuring up to the task in
a most acceptable manner.—Clifton
Forge Review.

The People in the Country do not
want to know that a small unit, which
has two variables—length and width—
costs, but what their unit costs. They
think in miles.
R. D. JOHNSON, JR.,
Vinita.

The Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—As an interested reader of your
paper I wish to call attention to an
article in your issue of January 18,
1914.

The article in question is that from
Logan Waller Page, as reported by
"E. H. Star." In this article are fig-
ures on road construction, which in
their completeness, are admirable in
every way except one. They do not
give the cost per mile of the work
in question.

If "E. H. Star," or any one, was to
deliver a speech in the course of ac-
tions of the State, and gave the cost
per square yard of the work in ques-
tion, there are ninety-nine chances
in a hundred that the first farmer he
talked to would say: "That is a mighty
fine speech, but what I want to know
is what that road cost a mile."

The people in the country do not
want to know that a small unit, which
has two variables—length and width—
costs, but what their unit costs. They
think in miles.
R. D. JOHNSON, JR.,
Vinita.

Women's Financial Affairs

Many women find themselves compelled to assume the
management of financial affairs, yet by reason of lack of
experience they are unacquainted with the important prin-
ciples of banking. This institution makes a feature of pro-
viding every convenience for its women customers, and does
everything in its power to make the transaction of their
financial affairs both pleasant and profitable. Our entire
service is at your disposal.

National State and City Bank

1111 East Main Street